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care that the boys don't disturb you on account of this night's work, and keep your temper about it yourself.'

Roony then bid his relative good night and turned away. He was soon lost in the darkness as he passed down the field, and Mooney turned about and pursued his way home on foot.

On entering the house he found his landlord sitting at the fire beside his daughter, the young and blooming Kathleen, and quite recovered from the effects and fright of the attack recently made upon him. He was profuse in his acknowledgments to Mooney for his deliverance; and it was agreed that he should stop there during the night. The next morning Cahill proceeded home, and for a length of time never stirred out of his house by night. He never made any noise about the attempt that was made on his life; and it was scarcely known to any but the few personally concerned in the transaction. However, another feeling, which contributed to alarm old Mooney very much, seemed to have sprung up in the bosom of his landlord—a passion for the young and innocent Kathleen. Mooney was well aware that Cahill was one of the most profligate and abandoned of men: that his passions were ever his masters, and there was no sacrifice he would not make to gratify them. He could not expect that such a character could have honorable views or intentions towards his child; and he dreaded to desire him to keep away from his house, for his anger was desperate, and his revenge sure and deadly.

Day by day he came to Mooney's, and always endeavoured to come at a time when the old man and his son would be absent at their field labour. By slow and insidious ways he at first attempted to win a favourable impression; then by degrees, growing more bold, he grew pressing and eager, and proceeded to take certain liberties with her person which put her maiden modesty to the blush, and obliged her to complain to her father. Her soul abhorred him—she could not bear the false and disagreeable expression of his face; but, like the rest of her family, she dreaded his power, and feared to say any thing that could tend to irritate him. The father did not know what to do; but the brother, a fine manly young fellow, about twenty-one years of age, was determined, let what would be the consequence, to bring the affair at once to an issue, and end it. So the next visit he paid, Maurice watched him: and pretending other business, quitted his father's side in the field, and proceeded by a circuitous rout to the house. I have said before, it was placed in a lonely situation, a distance from the public road, and far away from every other habitation. As Maurice approached the house, the voice of his sister shrieking for assistance reached his ear, and he darted like an arrow to her help. The door was closed, and she within, shrieking in desperation. He rushed against the door, which gave way before him, and as he leapt in, he found Cahill, with his sister in his arms, and he endeavouring to force her into the room. Young Mooney seized him by the throat, and swinging him with a powerful arm to the other end of the house, stood between him and his panting sister, with eyes on fire with maddening rage and indignation.

"Monster!" he exclaimed, "is this the way you show your gratitude to my father's child, after he rescuin' you from death—a death you deserved richly."

"Oh! Maurice! Maurice!" she cried, bursting into tears, "it was God sent you to me."

Cahill stood petrified; he did not reply, and Maurice seizing him by the collar, was dragging him to the door. "Oh! sure you're not going to kill me," said he with a sneer.

"Go away, you villain," said Maurice; "you are not worth killing; but let you never come inside this door again," and he pitched him forth and shut the door after him.

Cahill returned to his house, burning with disappointment and rage, and resolved upon revenge. It was then that he recollected that on the night on which his life was in danger, Maurice was absent from his father's house; and immediately conceived the idea of impeaching him with the crime. Accordingly he proceeded to the next

magistrate, and lodged informations against Maurice Mooney, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. Timely notice was conveyed to young Mooney, who absconded, and took refuge with a relative who lived at a great distance, until his father disposed of a certain portion of his means to make up a sufficient sum to send him out of the country.

He embarked the March following for America, and in the course of the last year he sent money to bring over his father and sister, and he is now a wealthy farmer in New Orleans.

As for Cahill, he met the fate which the whiteboys had long threatened him with. Returning from giving his vote at an election which took place the ensuing summer, at an hour later than usual with him, he was fired at by two or three at the same time, one of the balls passing quite through his body. He was able to make good his way home, and he lingered under the fatal wound for about six weeks, and died in the most excruciating agonies. The murderers were never discovered.

J. L. L.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

Oh! tell me not of fairer lands
Beneath a brighter sky;
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,
And flowers that never die!

The flower that on thy mountains' brow,
When wintry winds assail,
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,
Its cold and kindly veil;

Transplanted to a richer soil,
Where genial breezes play,
In sickly bloom will droop awhile,
Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace,
When storms prevail. I feel
My father's fathers' resting place,
Though cold, yet kindly still.

And ah! the flowret's fate were mine,
If doomed from thee to part;
To sink in sickening, slow decline,
The canker of the heart.

Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties,
That round my bosom twine!
All past delight, all present joys,
My native isle, are thine!

If all were gone, like summer's dew,
Before the morning beams;
Still friends that pass not, I should view
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may they still, thy changeful skies,
Thy clouds, thy mists be mine!
And th' sun that saw my morning rise,
Gleam on my day's decline!

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